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POSSIBLY.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A WHEEL?"
"SO I WAS, BUT I'VE DECIDED TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR AND GET IT WITH
A POUND OF TEA."



Designed
and Made by
Whiting M'f'g Co.

"Mischief" for defeating "Atalanta"
in AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS CONCERNING ARTICLES STAMPED
STERLING

SERVE TO EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF OBSERVING THE
MAKER'S MARK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
OF STERLING QUALITY $\frac{9}{10}$ FINE;
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR
TRADE MARK:
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE
ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE. *Hilton, Hughes & Co.*
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & CO.

WHEN BERRIES ARE RIPE

is the time to pick them. When goods can best be had is the time to buy them. Out of conditions such as we have never known the like of has grown this GREAT AUGUST SALE. The movement touches maybe twenty stocks—touches them hard—pushes them closer to your pocketbook than equal goods ever got before.

TWO SILK DRESSES

Best American Black Silk, pure dye, for little more than one would have cost you last week.

Thank our great August Sale of Silk for that. The lowest prices ever made on Silks of these grades. Many new additions for Monday. Note the weaves and the qualities and, if you know much of suits, the price tags will make you doubt your eyes.

Black Satin Duchess.

21 in., 88c; usually \$1.20.
21½ in., 98c; usually \$1.30.
22 in., \$1.40; usually \$1.75.
23 in., \$1.55; usually \$1.90.
24 in., \$1.75; usually \$2.25.

Black Armure Royal.

20 in., 88c; usually \$1.15.
21 in., 98c; usually \$1.25.
22 in., \$1.25; usually \$1.65.

Black Cachemire Gros Grain.

21 in., 88c; usually \$1.15.
21½ in., \$1.10; usually \$1.50.

Black Taffeta.

24 in., 85c; usually \$1.10.
27 in., 95c; usually \$1.25.
28 in., \$1; usually \$1.35.

Black Faille Francaise.

20 in., 78c; usually \$1.
21 in., 98c; usually \$1.25.
22 in., \$1.40; usually \$1.75.
23 in., \$1.50; usually \$2.

CARPETS IN AUGUST

The Sensation Sale goes merrily on. Probably no three stores in New York together sold so many Carpets as we passed out in the month just gone. We mean to make even a better record for August. We've the Carpets to do it with, we've the nerve to do it—and let you smile at the dealers who stand aghast as the procession passes.

Look at these Wiltons: Five frame Wiltons, \$2.25 is the regular price everywhere. **WE SAY 95c.** Of course it's startling. It's startling to find a gold mine.

And those other Carpet prices!

\$1.30 Worsted Velvets at 85c.
\$1.25 Axminsters at 85c.
\$1 Moquettes at 75c.
75c. Tapestry Brussels at 45c.
Regular 65c. all-wool Ingrains at 40c.

We will hold any of these Carpets for delivery any time you say before Oct. 1. **JAPANESE RUGS**, too. Simply unheard of prices.

Rugs, 6 x 9 ft., \$3.25.
Rugs, 9 x 12 ft., \$5.85.
Rugs, 12 x 15 ft., \$12.50.

If you need CHINA MATTINGS, or will need them before the roses come again, don't think twice. Rolls of 40 yds.

\$5. Matting at \$3.25 roll.
\$5.75 Matting at \$3.75 roll.
\$6.75 Matting at \$4.25.

Solid Silver

(Exclusively.)



WHITING M'F'G CO.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,
Celebrated Brands of Bottled Beer.

BUDWEISER, ANHEUSER-BUSCH PALE, FAUST, WHITE LABEL EXQUISITE

For the Yacht, the Camp, the Sea Shore and the Mountains. Bottled at the Breweries expressly for Family and Club use. Forwarded to any address in four to ten dozen packages securely packed. Send for price list to **O. MEYER & CO., Sole Agents, 24-27 West Street, New York City.**



"MISS—ER, I BEG PARDON, MRS. WRYNKLE—"

"YOU WERE RIGHT FIRST, MR. OLDBO. I AM NOT YET PLUCKED FROM THE PARENT STEM."

"TAKE COURAGE, MADAM. YOU KNOW THAT NAOMI, THE DAUGHTER OF ENOCH, WAS 580 YEARS OLD WHEN SHE MARRIED."

MORE FREQUENT.

FIVE dollar bills and ten dollar bills
Are things I don't often see ;
But four dollar bills and nine dollar bills
Are presented quite often to me.

A DIFFICULT REMEDY.

THE SUFFERER: Do you think it would relieve
my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my
mouth?

HIS WIFE: It might, if you could do it.

A KNOWING ONE.

"I DON'T gamble," said the cannibal, as he took the
lid off the sailor soup, "but I guess I'll open this
jack pot."

AT a rendition of the Messiah (Oratorio) a lady in an
extremely low cut dress appears to sing the solos.

A young lady turns to her escort and says: "There,
Charley, what do you think of that costume?"

CHARLEY: Well, it is very charming, but I think it
would be more appropriate for The Creation than the
Messiah.

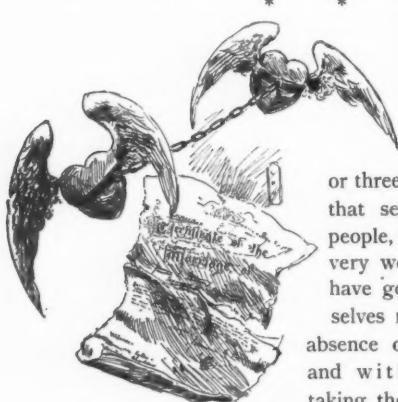


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI. AUGUST 15, 1895. No. 659.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

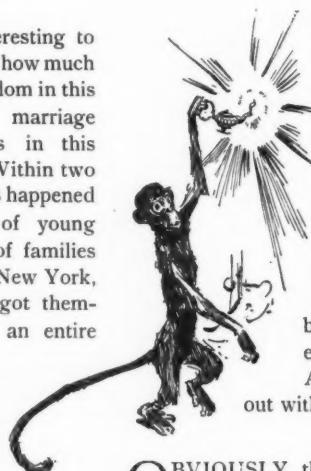
Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*

ONE of the disadvantages of being a royalty is the hindrance that that condition offers to marriage with the casual object of one's affections. Royalties cannot fall in love as plain people can and go and get married as soon as the means of support are forthcoming. They must control their affections and marry not according to mere preference, but with due regard to the necessities of politics and statecraft. The same disabilities are operative in a less but still a very high degree in Europe among personages of lesser rank. In such novels as Mr. Crawford has written about Roman princes and their sons and daughters the limitations of matrimonial choice are made very apparent. Great wealth as well as rank makes marrying difficult in Europe, for very rich people over there want their sons and daughters to marry into the same privileged set that they themselves belong in, and bargain and haggle over matrimonial arrangements almost as ardently as though they were dukes.



give their relatives any previous notice of their intentions. It has not appeared in these cases that there was any more cogent reason for marrying privately and in haste than that it suited the taste of

IT is interesting to remark how much greater freedom in this matter of marriage still obtains in this republic. Within two or three months it has happened that several pairs of young people, all members of families very well known in New York, have gone out and got themselves married with an entire absence of formality and without even taking the trouble to



the contracting parties to go out and get married in that way. While the example of these young people mentioned cannot be held up for imitation, there is something reassuring in the evidence it affords that family convenience or the preferences of relatives are matters of secondary consideration.



IT is under dispute in one of LIFE's respected contemporaries whether the bicycle is the life of dress reform or whether it is due to the exertions of dress reformers in time past that the bicycle is available as a vehicle for women. One enthusiastic reformer proclaims that if the dress reformers had not, year in and year out, in the face of censure and ridicule, insisted upon woman's right to the untrammelled use of her legs, bicycling for women would not have been thought of, or if it had, a machine would have been devised with a side saddle as being the only one that it was proper for women to ride.

There is a fair field for difference of opinion in this discussion. LIFE inclines to the opinion that women prefer their conventional dress, unless for some special reason they find it inconvenient. When bicycles became the fashion, and long skirts were found to be a hindrance to that sport, skirts were shortened or disappeared altogether according to the bicyclist's taste. The dress reformers never made any great progress because women didn't like reformed clothes, and could find no good reason for assuming them. In so far as the bicycle has afforded a reason, and no farther, women's dress has been "reformed."

* * *

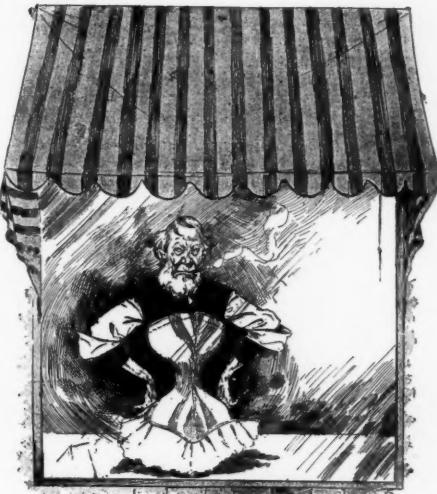
OUR eloquent and vivacious neighbor, the *Sun*, is getting ready for the greatest triumph of its life in the defeat of Mr. Cleveland's aspirations for a third term. It has begun betimes, and its batteries are keeping up a joyous fusilade. It is a good work, for it amuses the *Sun*, but aside from that it seems rather noisy than important. Before Mr. Cleveland's third term aspirations can be beaten with any great credit to the beater it must be established that they exist. The *Sun's* efforts recall the familiar African and Indian custom of turning out with a tin pan to scare away the bogies.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY the devil is the father of sea serpents. What is there about them that goads the imagination to such terrific feats?



When the Thermometer is Melting in the Shade: "OH! BUT THIS IS BULLY—IT'S MORE COOLIN' THAN ICE CREAM, AN' MAKES ME FEEL BETTER'N PINK LEMMINADE DOES!"



RATHER A STRIKING EFFECT UNTIL



MARKS OF DISTINCTION.

WE learn from the *Boston Herald* that The Astor family have many rich treasures in laces. Connoisseurs value them at not less than \$350,000. Mrs. William Astor has a lace dress, recently made, which is valued at \$28,000, beside an endless amount of hand-kerchiefs, fans, etc.

Did the reporter get this from Mrs. Astor herself? It should be remembered, in reading these financial items, that the Astors are very rich, and women who live on one or two thousand a year should not try to compete with them in these luxuries.

We also learn from the same paper that

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has many thousands of dollars invested in the costly material. She is one of those who have extensively increased her collection this past year. The dress Mrs. Oelrichs was married in, was of the finest and rarest lace, draped over satin, and of such ancient style, that the manufacture of it has long since become a lost art. It cost \$10,000, but its like could not be purchased now for \$50,000.

Miss Virginia Fair, her bright winsome sister, who seems to be the reigning belle of Newport, is also quite as rich in laces as in jewels.

Mrs. Oelrichs may take an honest pride in having it thoroughly advertised throughout the country that her gown is worth fifty thousand dollars, and we know of no law to prevent her "bright winsome sister" taking a corresponding pride in her own achievements.

Modest merit should be encouraged.

ALMOST A FIXTURE.

"YOU say you came up from Florida by boat and rail without change. How is that possible?"

"Easy enough. I came by boat, but more than half the time I was on the rail."



MR. SYKES WALKED AWAY.

UNNECESSARY.

IN popping the question, he did prefer To do it in manner firm and steady; He did not go on his knees to her— For she was on his knees already.

HER SMILE.

R ASTUS (*to Liza, who has pretended to be "miffed"*): Dey ain't no use you turnin' yo' back honey, kase I sees you smilin' des de same!



OUR FRESH AIR FUND.



ONE or two complaints having reached us from contributors whose gifts have not been acknowledged by letter, we would say that this only occurs when the sender forgets to inclose the name and address and gives merely the initials for publication.

Oftener, however, the complaint or rather anxious note is received before LIFE has time to appear. Matter sent to a daily paper to-day is published to-morrow morning, but LIFE's illustrations require nearly seven days for making ready and for printing the edition. We go to press Tuesday morning, therefore a contribution received that day at noon cannot appear within a week from the following Tuesday; a sufficient delay, we are well aware, to create misgivings in the sender's heart.

But do not think, generous reader, that your gift is lying idle for a fortnight. It does its work as soon as received, and is applied at once to enlarge the stream of little "outers" to the Farm.

Previously acknowledged.	\$2,576 28	
Katharine, Laddie and Betty	5 00	R. B. C..... \$ 3 00
Kate Sands	3 00	R..... 250 00
A. E. C.....	3 00	Ogdensburg..... 3 00
J. S. S. Jr.....	10 00	Miss Fanny, San Francisco..... 3 00
Little Beatrice and Brother Eddie	2 00	Edward A. Gilbert, Jr..... 3 00
P. V. R. E., Boston.....	5 00	P. P. J..... 10 00
In Memory of Little Women.....	25 00	S. J..... 3 00
Margaret Allyn.....	5 00	W. F. S..... 3 00
Baby's Thankoffering.....	3 00	The Arnold Children..... 3 00
Buchanan Cottage.....	3 00	C. A. H..... 3 00
Thankoffering.....	6 00	E. H. McG. and H. S. K..... 3 00
A. M. R.....	5 00	Katie, \$3, Belle, \$3, Ernest, \$3, Willie, \$1..... 10 00
S. R.....	5 00	T. J. H. and others..... 5 00
J. T.....	10 00	Richard Everett Bullock, Little Compton, R. I..... 6 00
M. B. Barker.....	9 00	No Name..... 12 00
Virginia, Charlotte, Frances, Helen and Minna, York Harbor, Me.....	14 00	In Memory of M. B. W..... 5 00
E. T. W.....	4 44	Margaret & Katharine F..... 5 00
L. W. H., Catonsville, Md.....	3 00	E. F. K..... 3 00
H. R. Fenwick.....	1 00	E. K., Jr..... 3 00
Yale.....	10 00	Hope Smith, Providence, R. I..... 5 00
E. B. L.....	30 00	Savings of Whitman and Rosamond..... 6 00
W. H. C.....	4 00	Two of LIFE's Friends, F. and S..... 12 00
Salem.....	6 00	P..... 6 00
		\$3,112 72

Our thanks to Messrs. Landers, Frary & Clark for four and one-half dozen more knives and forks sent to LIFE's Farm.



ON THE TRAIL WITH REMINGTON.

NO one of the men who both write and draw has a better excuse for making a book out of his combined writings and drawings than Frederic Remington. The best justification of it is his "Pony Tracks" (Harpers.) For years I have been familiar with his work, and yet to read this book is to have a new pleasure. It completely refutes the criticism that Remington is always the same—for there are as many kinds of pictures here as there are articles, and they range from Dakota to Mexico.

Putting aside all questions of technic, it is a safe prediction that Remington will be remembered when the clever young men who go to France, and paint beautiful French landscapes and women which are hung on the line in the salon, are for-



AT LIFE'S FARM.
TIRED OUT.

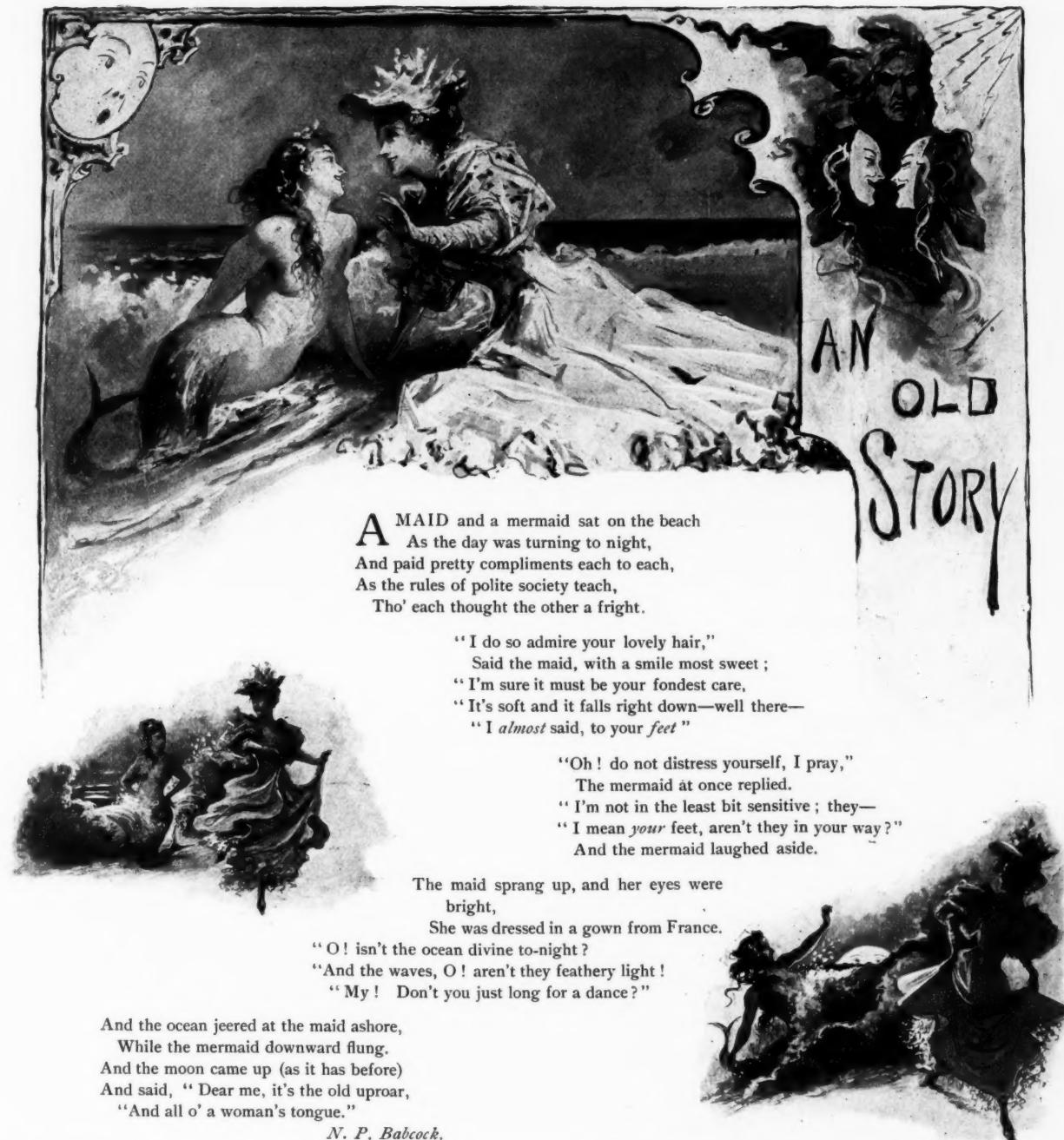
gotten. For Remington is an American who is not afraid of American subjects. He has put on record a romantic and fleeting stage of American life—something that is unique in the world's history. He has done it with verity and sympathy. As you read these pages you feel that he lived the life and enjoyed it for its realities. I don't recall a paragraph or a picture that suggests that he has pushed the truth over the line for the sake of literary or artistic effect.

When the Indian, the cowboy, and the wild life of the plains have forever vanished, the work of Remington will no doubt stand as veritable documents. If he were an Englishman or Frenchman who had done the same thing for his native country we should have no doubt of it; but being an American we may smile and shrug our shoulders.

* * *

PERSONALLY I am glad that Mr. Remington shows no consciousness of any such literary or artistic mission in his work. He writes naturally, spontaneously, and not a little formlessly. His stories are good camp-fire talk—and that is all they pretend to be. But any one who can hold his own in the camp-fire talk of veteran campaigners must be a person of considerable force in compressed and graphic narration. Literary frills don't count for much after a ride of sixty miles, or at the end of eight hours' shooting rapids in a canoe. You want a man around the camp-fire who can put his sensations and experiences into bullet-like words that have a habit of hitting the target.

Remington has never been accused of being a tenderfoot, and that is why I wonder that he lets slip the fact that he wore *tennis shoes* on his rapid-shooting expedition down a dangerous river. If there is anything that arouses the mirth of a veteran guide it is a pair of nice fair tennis shoes in camp.



A MAID and a mermaid sat on the beach
 As the day was turning to night,
 And paid pretty compliments each to each,
 As the rules of polite society teach,
 Tho' each thought the other a fright.

"I do so admire your lovely hair,"
 Said the maid, with a smile most sweet ;
 "I'm sure it must be your fondest care,
 It's soft and it falls right down—well there—
 "I almost said, to your feet "

"Oh ! do not distress yourself, I pray,"
 The mermaid at once replied.
 "I'm not in the least bit sensitive ; they—
 "I mean your feet, aren't they in your way ?"
 And the mermaid laughed aside.

The maid sprang up, and her eyes were
 bright,

She was dressed in a gown from France.

"O ! isn't the ocean divine to-night ?
 "And the waves, O ! aren't they feathery light !
 "My ! Don't you just long for a dance ?"

And the ocean jeered at the maid ashore,
 While the mermaid downward flung.
 And the moon came up (as it has before)
 And said, " Dear me, it's the old uproar,
 "And all o' a woman's tongue."

N. P. Babcock.

The only excuse for them is that they are easy on the bottom of a fine canoe. But for wading rapids, and tramping over jagged stones, there is nothing quite so useless.

If you can put an extra half pound in your pack, squeeze "Pony Tracks" into your outfit; it will make a rainy day in camp seem short and pleasant.

Droch.

MRS. BRAYNE (*of Boston*) : You have Kindergartens in New York. I suppose ?

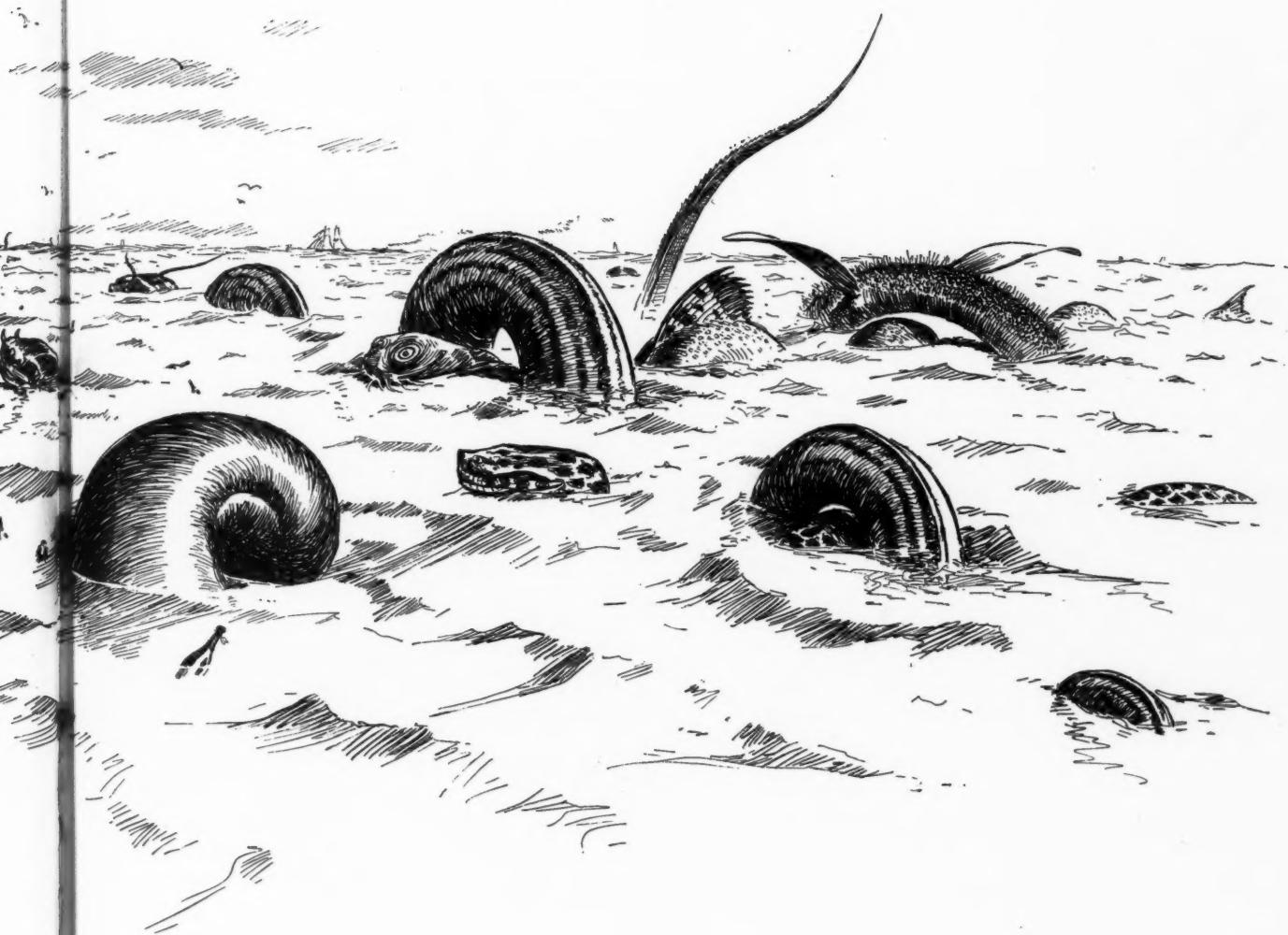
MRS. JENKINS : Certainly. But you wouldn't think of sending Waldo to a Kindergarten ?

MRS. BRAYNE : I thought he might secure a position as teacher.



THE WONDER OF

• LIFE •



WONDE OF THE DEEP.

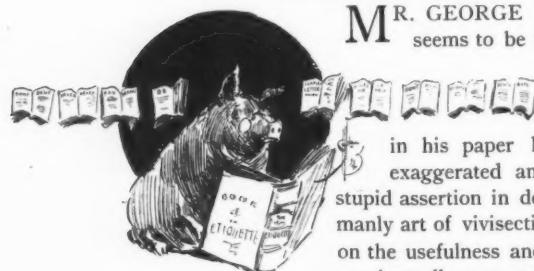
LAY OF A CONTENTED LOVER.

O H, naught care I for the smooth, white sand,
Nor the surf of the sounding sea ;
Content am I at home to dwell
With Sue for company.
I do not long for a trip abroad
Nor a sail on the ocean blue ;
I'm satisfied with an arm-chair wide
Enough for me and Sue.

The mountains, lakes and dales and dells
For me possess no charm ;
The city street to me seems meet
If Sue hangs on my arm.
Vacation trips I laugh to scorn,
At summer jaunts I jeer ;
The town is good enough for me
So long as Sue is here.

Morris Pool.

A MR. GOULD OF PHILADELPHIA.



M R. GEORGE M. GOULD seems to be the editor of the *Medical News*. The other day in his paper he made an exaggerated and somewhat stupid assertion in defence of the manly art of vivisection, reflecting on the usefulness and sincerity of a universally respected association

whose object is the suppression of cruelty to animals. This assertion was politely and ably corrected by Mrs. Caroline Earle White in a letter to the aforementioned editor. The letter was not long, but was concise and to the point. It ended with these words :

" Begging you to do me the favor to publish this letter, I remain
Yours truly,

" CAROLINE EARLE WHITE,
" Cor. Sec. Am. Anti-Vivisection Society."

The chivalrous recipient, however, not handicapped by any ideas of professional etiquette, instead of publishing the letter sent the following note :

" Dear Mrs. White :

" I regret that owing to the crowded condition of our columns, it will be impossible for me to insert the letter which you have so kindly sent me, date of May 13th.

" Very sincerely yours,
" GEORGE M. GOULD."

Now, Mr. Gould, we all know that the columns of the *Medical News* are not so overcrowded with interesting matter as to justify you in violating the ordinary laws of courtesy, and we would suggest, in a brotherly way, that even if not hampered by any sense of justice, both you and your publication might derive a lasting benefit from a closer observance of the established rules of your profession.

Your bravery in times of war might stir the nation, but the courage you have displayed upon this occasion is not of the kind to which monuments are erected.

It is possible that LIFE may be unjust in expecting a very tender regard for human rights from one who defends the cutting up of living animals for the entertainment of medical students.

WHY SHE THOUGHT SO.

" D O you think Cholly approves of the advanced woman ? "
" Oh, he must. He says he's going to dispense with his man when he marries you."

A MISNOMER.

H E : Did you see that painting,
" Maiden's Meditation ? "

SHE : Yes. The girl's face was lovely.

HE : Why, I thought from the name it was the picture of a man.

A GENIUS is a man to whom death brings fame.



" IF YOU WANT TO BE BIG, TOMMY, AND HAVE NICE, LONG WHISKERS, YOU MUST EAT YOUR SOUP ! "

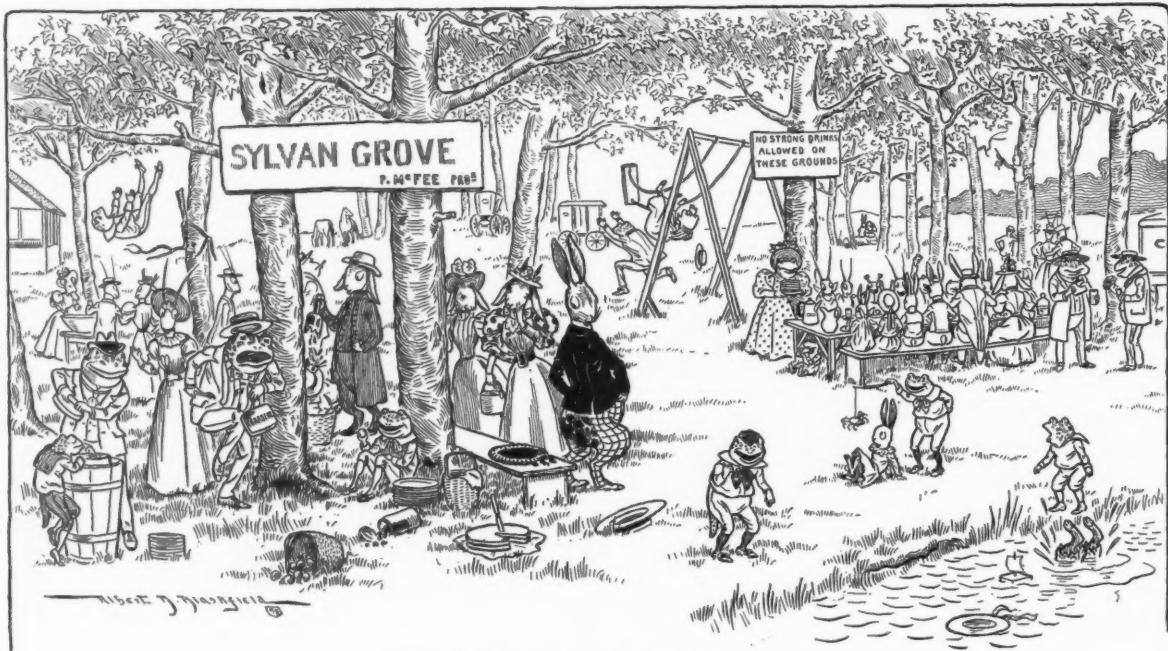


" I'VE EATEN IT, GRANDMA ! "



She : THEY TELL ME YOU ARE FICKLE.

He : IMPOSSIBLE ! WHY, I HAVE BEEN ENGAGED TO TWO GIRLS NOW FOR OVER A YEAR.



AWAY FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN.
WITH THE ARTIST'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO MR. F. P. W. BELLEW.

PUZZLING.

WHENEVER I look in memory's glass—
What pictures there may be,
And view the doings of bygone days,
This one thing puzzles me :
Why the things and scenes I would most recall
Have vanished clear away ;
While the times I have made a fool of myself
Are as fresh as yesterday ?

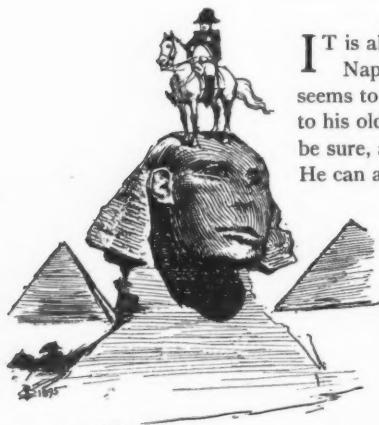
C. Thomas Duvall.

NEXT !

IT is almost time for a new fad.
Napoleon in art and literature
seems to be gradually slipping back
to his old place ; which place is, to
be sure, a wide one and very high.
He can afford a normal shrinkage.

In this city at the
present moment there
is only one serious
dramatization of *Trilby*.
In Boston, however,
they are more lasting
in their loves. They
still regard a game of
whist as a serious
intellectual effort.

How would it do to start a little fad for clean journalism ?
or wouldn't it pay ?



HAD THE PRICE.

"EVERY man has his price." Her manner, as she uttered the foregoing truism, was that of one who mused. The red lips parted again : "And if I cannot afford an English nobleman, they are much cheaper in Italy."

The musing manner fled before a sunny smile, as the mist before the dawn.

SPINNER: After all, it is easy to make the time fly.
BICYCLIST: Yes, only the other day I made a century run.

DO not tell secrets to people on an ocean voyage. They can never keep anything to themselves.



NOT A DEAD SURE THING.



AN old lawyer who practiced before Chief Justice Parsons, falling ill, handed over his cases to a young lawyer, Mr. Miles, advising the latter to engage senior counsel, and also giving him a letter of introduction to the Chief Justice. The judge being asked by Mr. Miles as to the merits of the different seniors, with a view to retain one, said: "I think, upon the whole, that you had better not employ any one. You and I can do the business as well as any of them." This hint being acted on, Mr. Miles turned out to be very successful, and at the close of the sittings called on the judge to pay his respects. A senior lawyer then leaving the judge, on recognizing the caller, and suspecting the bond of union between him and the judge, delivered this Parthian shot on retiring: "I'm not sure, judge, of attending court at all next term. I think of sending my office-boy with my papers. You and he together will do the business fully as well as I can."—*Argonaut*.

A MILD bit of repartee is reported as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked:

"I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself."

"How could you have brain fever?" asked Doctor Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever."

"How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.—*Youth's Companion*.

A STORY is told of a certain committee meeting in which the proceedings commenced with noise and gradually became uproarious. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest donkey that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! order!" said the chairman, gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room!"—*Tit-Bits*.

WHEN the wife of Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.—*Argonaut*.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL: You can't stay in this country, sir.

TRAVELER: Then I'll leave it.

OFFICIAL: Have you a permit to leave?

TRAVELER: No, sir.

OFFICIAL: Then you cannot go. I leave you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.—*Household Words*.

FRANC ELLIOTT. By Clarence Herbert New. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Face and the Mask. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Her Majesty. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the Midst of Alarms. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Honor of the Flag. By W. Clark Russell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Island Princess. By Theo. Gift. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Devil's Playground. By John Mackie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Grasshopper. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

HE was an unkempt-looking fellow, and he stopped at the suburban residence and asked for employment. It was spring, and the lady of the house was herself superintending the transplanting of the plants. The door of the greenhouse was open.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the woman.

"Ain't had much experience."

"Can you plant these bushes?"

"I'd hate to risk spoilin' 'm, ma'am."

"Then what can you do?"

"Well, ma'am, if you'll give me one o' your husband's cigars," he replied, meditatively, "I'll sit in the greenhouse an' smoke out the insects that's eatin' up the leaves o' them rosebushes."—*Ex.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Ivory Soap

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MRS. GRAY (to friend who has been to the prayer meeting): Did you have a good meeting?

MRS. WHITE: Rather uninteresting. None of the men who spoke had ever done anything bad.—*Boston Transcript*.

"WHAT are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lady lecturer, impressively. There was a moment's awful pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered: "Our clothes."—*Tit-Bits*.

MRS. SURFACE: Come here, my little dear. What a nice, lovely little girl you are! Tell me why you are so fond of that cat?

LITTLE GIRL: 'Cause when she purrs I know she means it.—*Good News*.

FRIEND: What rent do you pay for this house?

TAXPAYER: Alas! I own —*New York Weekly*.

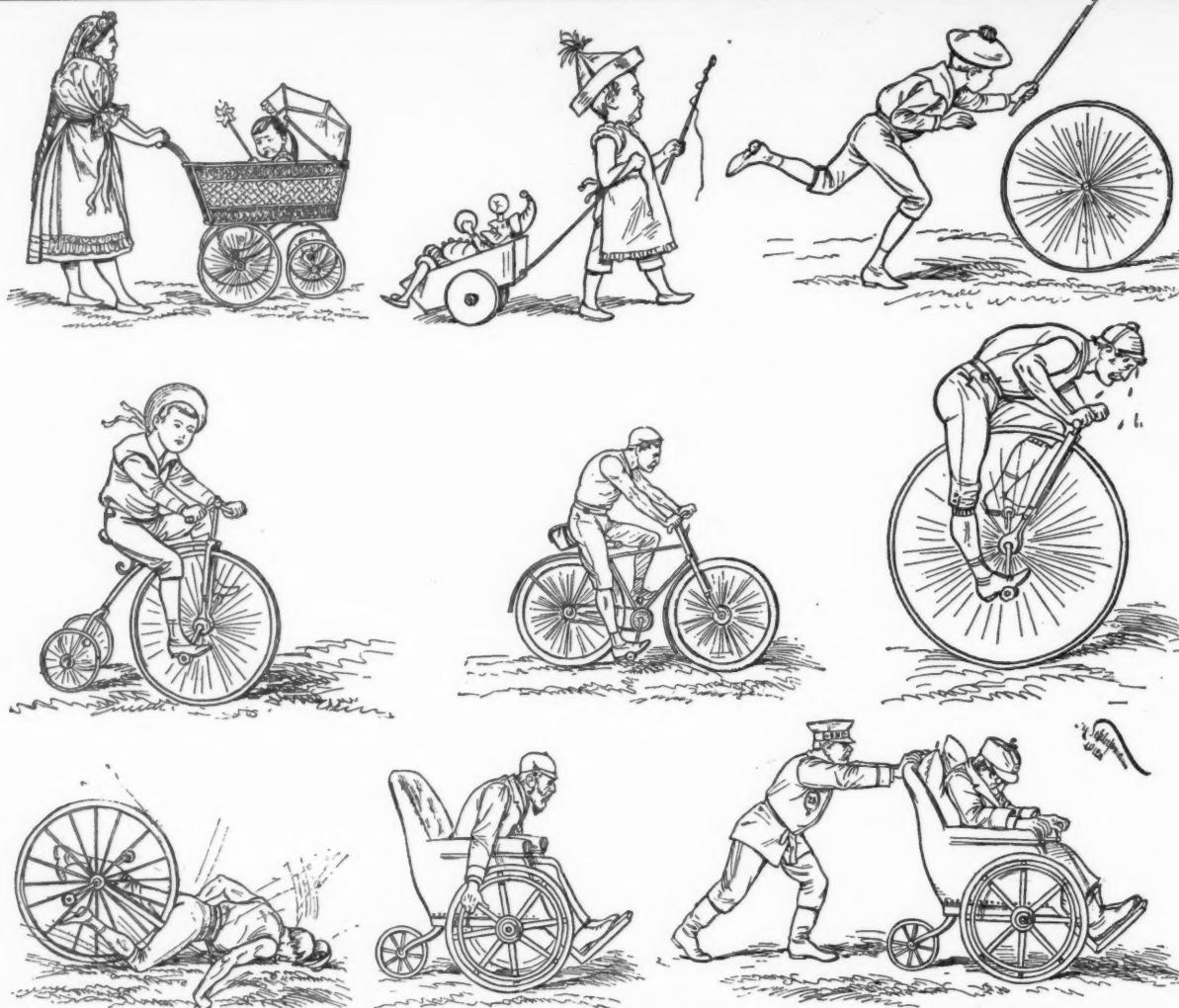
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